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THE RUSZITS FURS

AWARDED **GOLD MEDAL** (Highest Prize)

Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901

EVERYTHING IN FURS

NO more convincing argument concerning the intrinsic merits of our productions could be made than this simple statement of actual facts. During the half-century of our existence we have sold in New York City to the best trade of both this and foreign countries over \$20,000,000 worth of Furs. No such comprehensive line of high class, moderate-priced garments can be found in any similar establishment in the world.

A ROBE FOR AN EMPRESS—NOW ON EXHIBITION



IT IS probable that Mme. Barruti, famed in Paris a decade ago as a designer of beautiful gowns, had never heard of Abraham Lincoln, but she fooled "all the people some of the time," and in the end took her own life. The story of her fraud has to do with as interesting a bit of rascality as ever was planned.

It all came from a magnificent robe which Mme. Barruti averred that she was making for the Czarina of Russia to wear at her coronation. Certainly it was a robe which the Czarina need not have been ashamed to put about her shoulders, but the point of the story is that she did not know Mme. Barruti.

On the strength of this tale of royal patronage, and by placing on exhibition the robe itself, Mme. Barruti established practically unlimited credit in Paris. In a few months she owed \$1,200,000. Then the crash came. The most gigantic fraud in the history of Paris was discovered before its author could turn any of her riches into cash. Disgraced and ruined, she cheated the prison by taking poison. The robe was seized by her creditors and sold at auction.

The robe is now owned by the John Ruzsits Fur Company of this city. The original cost of the garment was more than \$40,000, the embroidery alone costing \$10,000. It is made of cardinal silk velvet, with a train twenty-seven feet long. It is superbly embroidered in gold thread—not gilt—the design being formed of cornucopias. The lining is made up of 1,400 choicest ermines. With the robe is a gown of white satin, cut en train and embroidered in gold to match. The train of the robe is so heavy that nineteen pages would be required to carry it, a royal following in itself.

Come to our Show-rooms and see this remarkable production

Special Lines for Holiday Trade

JOHN RUSZITS FUR COMPANY

MANUFACTURING FURRIERS

73, 75, 77 MERCER STREET, Bet. Broome and Spring Streets, NEW YORK
Telephone, 4325 Spring

LIFE



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THE SONG OF THE DÉBUTANTE.

"Mother, dear Mother, come home with me now."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

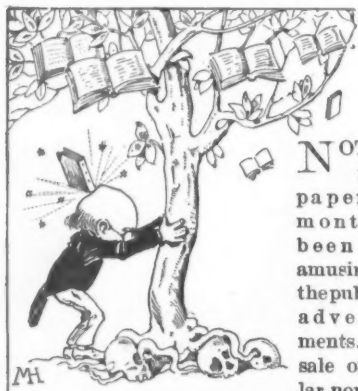
VOL. XXXVIII. DEC. 26, 1901. No. 1000.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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NOTHING in the papers this month has been more amusing than the publishers' advertisements. The sale of popular novels this

season seems to have beaten all precedents. There is a great deal of money in our national pocket; that's one reason; but another is that novels are being sold like soap, whiskey, cigars, or patent medicine. The publishers advertise them profusely, in the newspapers, in street-cars, on billboards, anywhere the public eye dwells. The particular fact that they find it most important to bring out is that the books they are selling sell. "Our four great stories have all passed the hundred-thousand point," cries one respectable house. "Three binderies, running night and day on our three leading novels, barely keep us supplied," cries another. Another house advertises two books (by the same author) which have sold three hundred and fifty thousand copies apiece. This is the Golden Age of something — one hesitates to call it "letters," yet it is something pleasing and respectable, if not great. Certainly

to write a book that suits the popular taste is, nowadays, like finding money in the street. Art is based on wealth and leisure. The stream of money which is now flowing into the pockets of successful writers and publishers of fiction ought to stimulate talent, and give genius time to do its best. The great buying public buys some faulty stories in large numbers. But it can rarely be induced to take up a book that has not merit, and it is willing to buy some books that are first-rate. It must have novels, enormous numbers of them, and it seems ready to pay for all the good ones that are offered.



AND, after all, there is no better entertainment to be had for the money, or indeed for any money, than a good novel offers. The national drink bill is pretty big, notwithstanding the Americans are more temperate than the people of any other leading nation. Probably we still spend more for what we drink than for what we read. Good luck, then, to the publishers in their effort to get their full share of the people's spare money. It is better for the country that some of them should get rich, and that successful authors should win modest fortunes, than that the distillers and the brewers should be too abundantly blessed, and bid up the price of race-horses and steam-yachts



CONGRESSMAN WACHTER, of Maryland, disapproves of football and has introduced a bill to restrain or abolish that exercise in Government institutions. He would stop it at West Point and Annapolis in particular. It is doubtful whether such a bill as he has offered could become a law while Roosevelt is President. Still, Mr. Wachter's measure has some popular support. Mrs. William E. Chandler, for one, has written to thank him for his stand against "the brutal game of football," and to disclose the profound disquietude of spirit endured during the

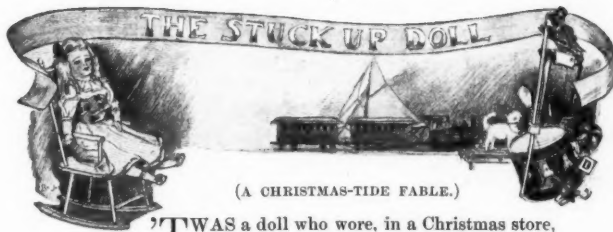
football season by the mother of "an only son who has become infatuated with the football craze." Sympathy may reasonably be felt for Mrs. Chandler. Football isn't a game that especially commends itself to parents of only sons. There is a lot of good in it, and selected athletes who are properly trained show a wonderful capacity to survive all its vicissitudes. Still, football players take chances, and who wants to take chances with an only son? Are not the army and navy somewhat too hazardous for only sons? Is not Mrs. Chandler's uneasiness due more to the fact that her boy is an only son than that football is extrahazardous? And would it not be more to the point if Mr. Wachter should introduce a bill pointing out the dangers of football and urging American parents to raise more boys?

It is hard to have an only son, and harder still to be one. An only son must live and must succeed. Usually he is too much protected, too much urged, too much bothered. The wonder is that only sons ever amount to anything. But some of them do. Still, more sons, rather than less football, is what American mothers need. A woman with four or five able-bodied boys on her hands is usually proud and pleased to find football heroes among them.



MRS. STANFORD has been turning in some funds to Stanford University, and the endowment of that rising seminary now amounts to about thirty millions. That means an income of at least a million a year, which is probably little enough for a big university which accepts no fees from its students.

Mr. Carnegie, too, is allowing himself a little more relaxation of the purse strings, and proposes to spend ten millions to endow in Washington an institution for the discovery of more knowledge. It is a timely work. What with the common schools, and the Carnegie libraries, and colleges by the thousand drawing on the general store of knowledge all the time, the visible supply of it seems small enough, and any means that can be taken to increase it deserve the utmost encouragement.



(A CHRISTMAS-TIDE FABLE.)

'T WAS a doll who wore, in a Christmas store,
The laurels that fall to few;
With lips of crimson, and locks galore,
And eyes of a china blue.
Her neighbor near was a monkey queer,
Tied fast to a painted stick,
(But paint a mother with never a fear
Might allow her child to lick).
This doll, I swear ('tis a case not rare),
Was sillily, blankly vain—
Her basis clothes, and the wavy hair
That covered her sawdust brain!
And she made a mock of the humble stock
Surrounding her shining niche;
She smoothed and flaunted her silken frock
With many a haughty twitch.



WALL STREET ON THE 24TH OF DECEMBER.

"WOULD YOU KINDLY GIVE A POOR MAN A NICKEL TO GET ACROSS
THE FERRY?"
"WHAT? JORGAN! YOU! ARE YOU CRAZY?"
"THANK GOD! HILLIARD, IS IT YOU? LEND ME FIFTY DOLLARS.
I'VE BEEN BUYING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS."
"FIFTY DOLLARS? ALL I'VE GOT IS AN EL' TICKET. I'VE BEEN
TIPPING THE JANITOR."

While the monkey sighed (he was lacking pride),
And hated his fuzzy paw,
And out of his beady eyes he tried
To gaze at the doll with awe.
For of course it's seen that a monkey mean
At eighteen cents, ah me,
Is only dirt to a waxen queen
At a dollar and seventy-three.



But the doll, all shorn, and her trappings torn,
In a corner lies for days,
While a dainty maid, in careless scorn,
With some other trinkets plays.
And I know a boy with a single toy
(A poor little, lame little wight)—
The monkey, battered and loved, with joy
He hugs to his breast all night!

Edwin L. Sabin.



An Unpropitious Time.

MRS. HIGHBLOWER: You must surely come to church to-day. The sermon is on the dishonesty of business methods.

HIGHBLOWER: Then I must wait until next Sunday. I have an important deal to put through this week.

THE man of one idea need not be ashamed. One is a good fair average.

THERE was an old man from Tarentum,
Who chewed on his teeth till he bent 'em,
When he found they were bent,
He said, "I don't care a cent,
For you know I don't own 'em—I rent 'em."

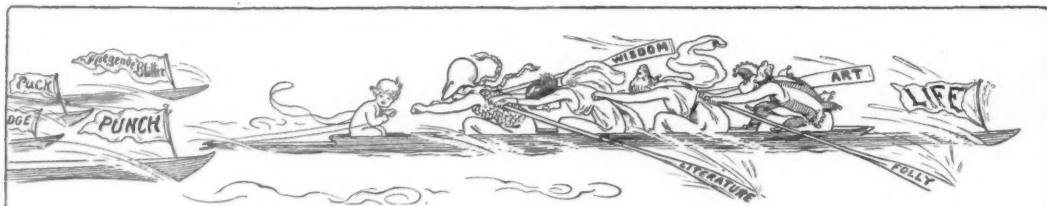
LOVE creates illusions without making any provision for their future maintenance.

Economy.

BRAMBLE: I made a good bargain with Jones just now.

THORNE: What was it?
"I'm to let him have the exclusive use of my automobile and he's to pay for half the repairs."

"YES, she has a passion for animals."
"Dogs or husbands?"



AS LIFE RUNS ON.

He lays no claim to perfection, but he means to continue the good fight for Justice, Cheerfulness and Charity.

From "How LIFE Began."—Written in Jan., 1898.



FOR Justice, Cheerfulness and Charity LIFE has continued the good fight. Of his success, however, it is not for him to speak. The verdict lies with his friends. For the curses of his foes, while good for ballast, are of no avail as motive power.

The last decade has been, for LIFE, a somewhat varied—often exciting—record of work and triumph; of conflict and of peace. He has received, we think, in praises and abuse, a more liberal share than is usually allotted to a person of his age and size. For many years he has traveled to the remotest corners of the globe, and he appears to be a welcome guest. His statements and his pictures are borrowed, bought and stolen in every language of

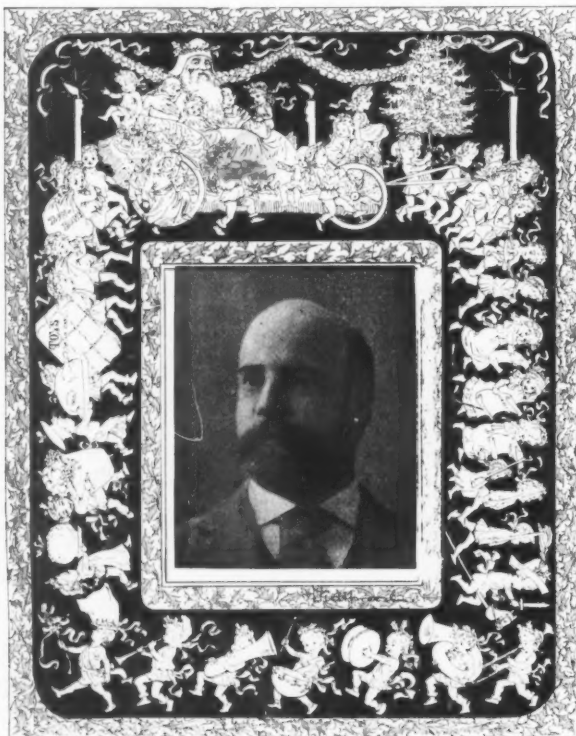
the world. He had the honor, at one time, of being tabooed by the Turkish Government, with a special curse from the Sultan. This was all right from a Turkish point of view, as in our comments on the Armenian massacres we were certainly wanting in respect to that extraordinary ruler. On another occasion LIFE was also honored—at least we were so informed—by a special malediction from William of Germany, the offence, in this case, being a cartoon in which his Majesty was held up to ridicule. But William weakened, for now LIFE is always on sale in Germany, and we continue to give this bustling monarch the full benefit of our advice whenever he really needs

it. And, speaking of Kings, we have a photograph of Edward of England facing the camera with a pleasant expression, inspired, no doubt, by the copy of LIFE which lies upon his desk before him.

LIFE is no snob, but he believes that even a king may get wisdom if he clings to the right periodical.



OUR BOY.



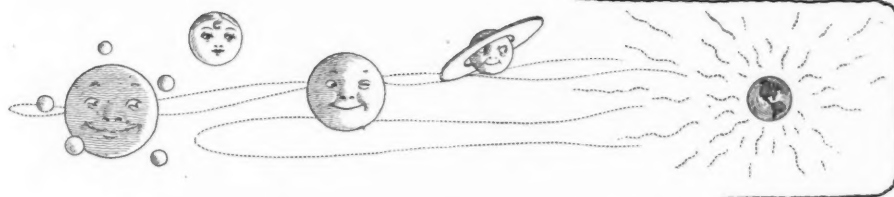
FRANCIS GILBERT ATTWOOD.

A Happy Day.

We hope—and believe—that the relations between LIFE's contributors and himself are exceptionally friendly and congenial. This belief, that his affection for his co-workers is reciprocated—at least in a measure—is strengthened by the unfading memory of a certain afternoon in October, 1894.

On that memorable day Mr. Miller and I went to lunch, as usual, with no suspicion of what awaited us. When lunch was over, and a movement was made as for departure, Mr. Metcalfe gave some reason for sitting longer at the table—a reason which impressed me at the moment as being unduly ambiguous and inconsequential. But it served. So we continued to sit. Mr. Metcalfe, in the meantime, disappeared.

On reaching the office some minutes later, we were surprised at finding a score or more of our regular contributors seated in a circle, in the centre of which stood a bronze statue of LIFE, by Martiny. This statue was a reproduction in bronze of the stone



of the other planets, especially of Jupiter, Mars and Venus—a certain cheerfulness and radiant health—warrants the belief that copies of LIFE must reach those far-away districts. It may be, however, that some of our leading astronomers are correct in ascribing this

gladness to the inevitable radiation of LIFE's wit and wisdom from his own planet. But all that, of course, is speculative. Let us return to facts.

We had hardly bought the land and fairly started on our new building when the hard times came along. It was a golden opportunity for worry if we had cared to seize it. But by going without food and clothing for a year or so, LIFE weathered the storm. When the building was nearly completed the plasterers struck. And they struck just long enough to cost us about twenty thousand dollars. These plasterers confessed they had no grievance. They were prosperous and happy. They merely struck because they were told to strike.

But finally, in May, we moved in. Soon afterwards the bronze statue was given us by our contributors, and we have been happy ever since.

Some Fellow-Workers.

If proper credit were given to the writers and artists who have played such an important part in our success, a volume would be written, and much yet remain unsaid. To the readers of LIFE, each man's work is his own best record. Some of our strongest



WILSON DE MEZA.

figure over the main entrance of our building, done by the same sculptor. The surprise was certainly complete. Mr. Metcalfe, as spokesman for those assembled, presented the statue in a few words, and very pleasant words they were for LIFE to hear. They bore good wishes and the expression on the part of our contributors of that affection and confidence which LIFE, in his turn, has always felt toward the donors of that more than welcome gift. The bronze boy himself, a figure of exceptional beauty and artistic value, has, ever since that day, held the place of honor in our temple.

The Anchorage.

The completion of this new temple was a memorable achievement. It seemed only fit, that with advancing years, LIFE should occupy a monument more in harmony with his measureless influence. The word "measureless" is used advisedly. We might have said "world-wide," but the expression would have conveyed a narrower meaning. For who believes that LIFE's influence is confined to this particular ball? Something in the aspect



F. P. W. BELLEW.



men, collaborators whose aid we found it hard to spare, have been taken from us. One of the first to go was Wilson De Meza. His pictures, always rich in their effects of light and shade, embellished many a page of LIFE.

And the next year, in 1894, we lost F. P. W. Bellew, well known as "Chip." Of Mr. Bellew's unfailing sense of humor and his tireless invention, it is impossible to say too much. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of his services to the paper in those early days. A young man at the time of his death, tall, slender, with a pale, serious face that rarely indulged in a smile, he gave no impression of the wealth of fun and humor that was hidden beneath. In fact, it seemed against his principles to show any signs of mirth. I remember one day as we sat together discussing a series of drawings, an idea was suggested, which struck me as being so funny that I sat back in my chair and impulsively laughed aloud. It was such a fit of merriment as seldom comes to the hardened professional. As I looked at Mr. Bellew, I saw him trying to smooth away—to iron out—with his fingers, a smile that threatened to get possession of his mouth. But he conquered the impulse.



M. A. WOOLF.

The death of Charles Howard Johnson, in 1896, again deprived us of one of the cleverest, most prolific, and most versatile of our artists. The abundance of his ideas and his facility of design were a constant surprise. Dainty initials for bits of verse, double-page cartoons on social or any other subjects, were produced at will, and always successful.

And in 1899 we lost Michael Angelo Woolf, a man of lovable personality, whose little children of the poor won the sympathy of all who knew them.

The cartoon for the first number of LIFE was drawn by Francis



CHARLES HOWARD JOHNSON.



Gilbert Attwood, and he remained an unfailing contributor till his death in April, 1900. His delightful fancy, his unfailing humor, and his knowledge of men and things, rendered him a collaborator whose loss is keenly felt. He was a man of strong convictions. No drawing ever left his hands that was not in accordance with his own strict sense of justice. To his range of subjects there was apparently no limit. Children, animals, angels, devils, landscape; tragedy and comedy, allegory and realism; kings, Tammany politicians, fairies, flowers, all, and much more, he depicted with exquisite art, and with a delightful sensibility. He started the paper with us, and his death marks one of the saddest milestones in LIFE's journey.

Twelve years ago only two women were on LIFE's list of regular contributors. To-day there are nearly fifteen. Most of them are so well known to our readers that a repetition of their names is superfluous; but of LIFE's indebtedness to these ladies, and of his hearty and sincere appreciation he makes grateful acknowledgment.

A Little Confession.

We are pained to admit it, but why dissemble?

LIFE is not infallible.

This confession, however, is made with reservations—with a string to it. In questions of importance we are, of course, always right. In trivial matters we confess to being pleasantly human. It is generally believed that all beings of mortal origin are liable to error, but the average sinner does not rush out upon the street and proclaim his folly. He does not buttonhole the reading public and cry aloud, "Listen, and learn what a fool I am!"

On the contrary, he keeps certain things to himself. But when LIFE does the foolish thing, he shouts it from Maine to Texas; from Boston to San Francisco; over Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and the Pacific Islands, and throughout the navies of the world. And so, every time it happens he hears of it from the uttermost corners of the earth; from regions too remote, it would seem, for human periodicals to penetrate. And these mistakes, so far as we can judge, are immeasurably more satisfying to his



AGNES REPPLIER.



THEODOSIA PICKERING
GARRISON.



EMMA CARLETON.



MADLINE BRIDGES.



JENNIE BETTS HARTWICK.

readers than his other labors. Our readers can believe, perhaps, that the field for error in a paper of this kind is very large, and quickly traveled. There are no fences, and in every direction there is a downward, easy, pleasant slope. *LIFE* has had lots of excitement in this pasture.



CAROLYN WELLS.

Once, in the fulness of our benevolence, we committed an error of the kind that gives the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. About a dozen years ago a certain joke, when young, was purchased by us and printed. He then went the rounds of the press throughout the country, as is customary with meritorious jokes, and, for all we know, made the tour of the world. Some five or six years after, he again presented himself for our consideration. Of course he was old, weary, and footsore with travel, but cleverly disguised as a newborn babe. He bore the usual certificate of infancy. Forgetting we had met before, we bought him once again, and presented him to our readers.

Now, as it happened, somebody in the sanctum—presumably in response to a sudden call from the printer—

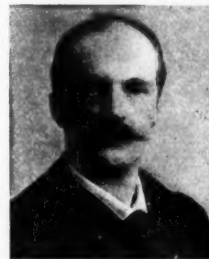
clipped this hoary traveler from one of our exchanges, and inserted him among our extracts with full credit to his last employer. And so, in that issue, our ancient friend was doubly honored, once in the body of the paper as an inspiration of our own, and once again among the clippings. We heard of it from Alaska to Cape Town. It caused a wave of joy to sweep the earth from pole to pole. And it rippled o'er the smiling oceans into infinite space.

A Promising Youth.

One day in 1886, when *LIFE* was new, a tall young man about eighteen years of age brought me a little drawing of a bull dog barking at the moon. The drawing, although reasonably bad, was accepted. A few days later he brought in other drawings, also bad, but interesting. Having myself, as a professional, done some climbing up the

slippery hill of Art, I detected beneath the outer badness of these drawings peculiarities rarely discovered in the efforts of a beginner. For, the beginner, as a rule, shows far more admiration for technical cleverness than for the more serious qualities of drawing and composition; and he generally endeavors to conceal his shortcomings by elaborate and misdirected labors.

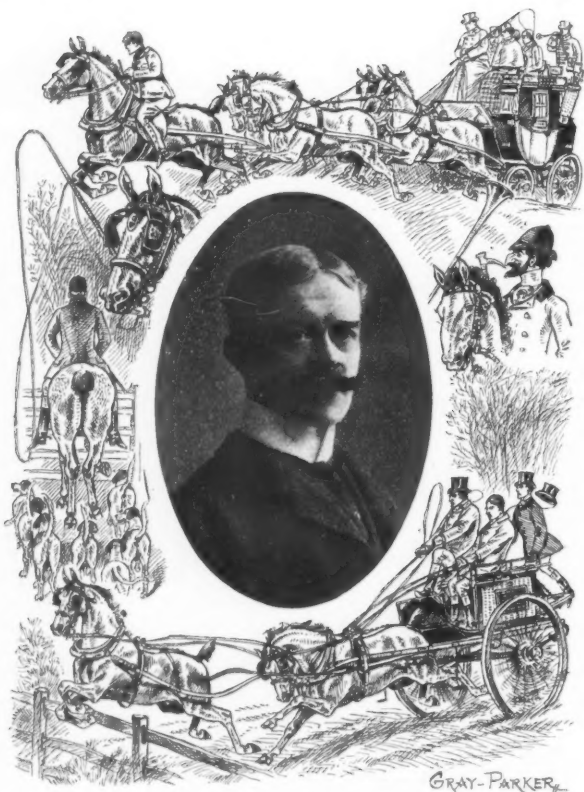
But this beginner had started out on fresher lines. While his



S. W. VAN SCHAICK.



KATE MASTERSON.



C. GRAY PARKER.

drawings were sufficiently bad, their faults were good, able-bodied faults that held up their heads and looked you in the eye. And the drawing of his figures, however bad, was "all there." There were no dodgings of difficult portions; no tricks, and no uncertainty. There was no slurring of outlines. To be sure, his ladies, in consequence, were often clad in boiler iron; and although he and the Almighty, at that time, were holding different views as to effects of light and shade, there were always courage and honesty in whatever he undertook. We had some talks together, and became good friends. He said his name was Gibson, and I still believe he told the truth.

Of his progress in his art, his long, swift strides and his present position, little can be said that is not already known to the great majority of our readers. For about fifteen years he and LIFE have worked together, and in the closest relations.

Young men of promise are plentiful. The woods are full of them; also the open places. But rare indeed is the youth who not only makes good his promise but goes so far above it as to revolve in an orbit of his own.

Book Reviews.

The withdrawal of Mr. Robert Bridges (Droch) deprived us of the services of a valued member of our staff, and of one who was practically with us at the start. During fifteen years—and critical years some of them were—his weekly column on

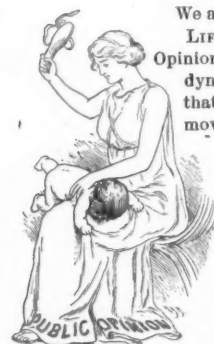
books and literature was an important factor in our success.



ROBERT BRIDGES.

The Pulse of P. O.

We are still unable to decide, in the office of LIFE, whether the Pulse of Public Opinion is to prove a sympathetic caress or a dynamite bomb. One thing we have learned: that for continuity of action and celerity of movement no weather-cock can be compared to it. *The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*, for instance, in its issue of December 5, 1897, informed its readers that LIFE was "the cleverest, brightest, most gentlemanly and wittiest paper published anywhere."



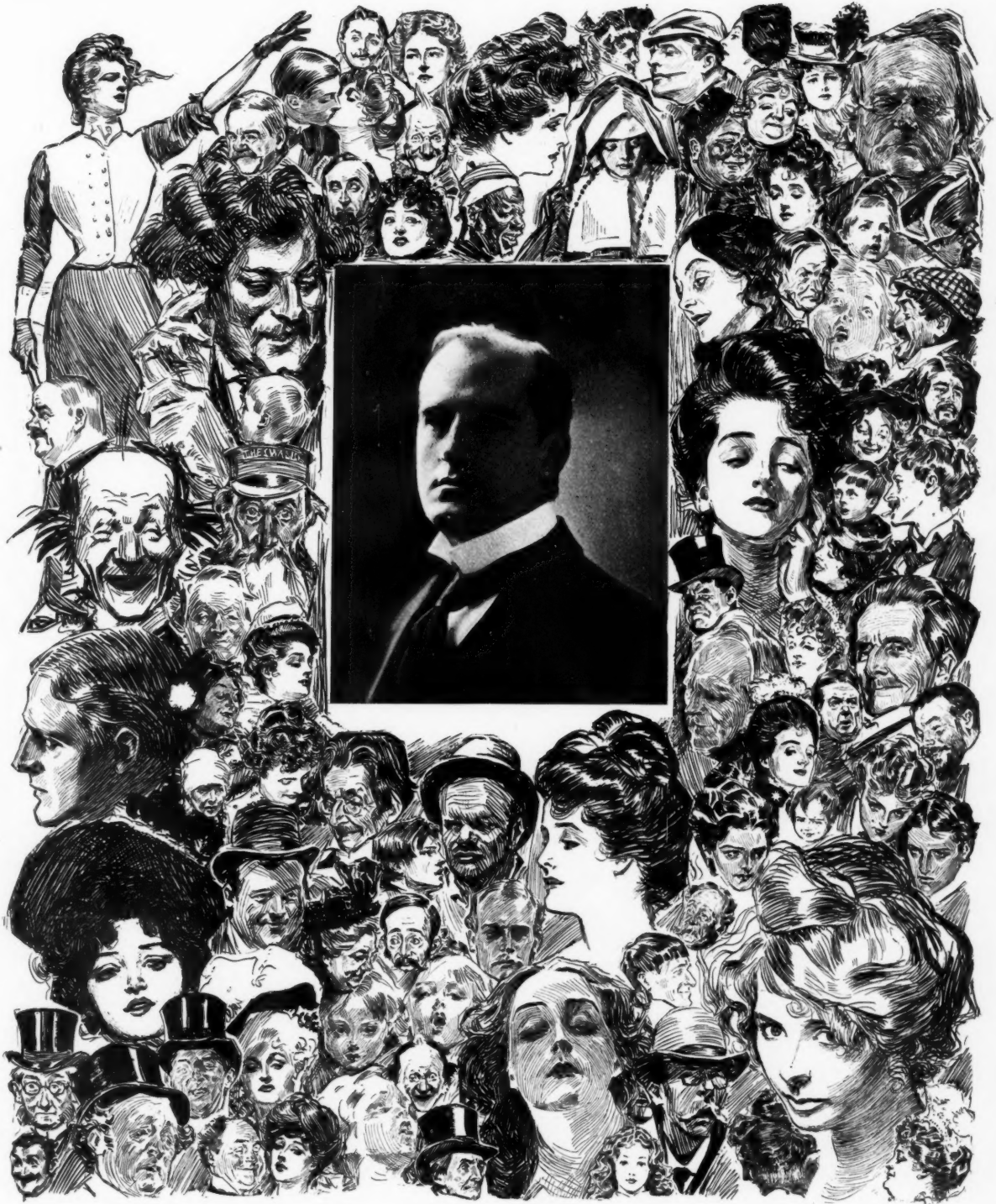
But LIFE either went down hill at an appalling speed or something happened to the *Commercial Tribune's* point of view, for on November 12, 1898, less than a year later, it made this suggestion:

"LIFE should be taken by the scruff of its dirty little neck and kicked into the most convenient sewer. It would be at home there."

The following extracts from letters to the Editor may show how the "Pulse of P. O." has a way of beating at Thirty-first Street. These letters were all inspired by the same issue of the paper:



E. W. KEMBLE.



G. D. GIBSON.

"I am not in accord with the teachings of *LIFE* of late. In my mind they are un-American to the extent of being treasonable."

"It seems to me that everyone ought to read *LIFE*. I could easily select a dozen different features of your paper, each of which is well worth the subscription price. This, added to the evident honesty of purpose and fearlessness in the right, makes it an absolute necessity to those who have once made its acquaintance."

"I do not care to have a paper in my house that is in favor of hauling down the flag."

"I would sooner go without oatmeal and cream and even my morning coffee than miss the fun and vigor that *LIFE* imparts."

"I am more than pleased with your position on all questions, especially the Philippine question. I wish half the sermons preached were equal to your editorials."

"In addition to your political cartoons and comments, pictures and items have appeared which are sufficient to disgust anybody with the least scrap of decency or common sense."

And there were many others.

Of course we prefer honey to ipecac, though both have their uses. But no child can prosper on ipecac alone. *LIFE* has had his full share of ipecac, and of round shot, dynamite and cold steel, but his digestion still holds good and his capacity for work and travel remains unimpaired. Who can blame a pleasure-loving infant for enjoying such bits as these, both from the same letter?

"I have been greatly impressed with the energetic and tenacious manner with which you have, from time to time, prosecuted certain reform movements."

"The whole tone and character of *LIFE* is clean, vigorous and entertaining. I only regret that it entertains political views different from my own."

However, there are cruel moments when he may have a suspicion that the writer in the Chap Book was correct in his letter from America, when he said:

"Finally, sir, there is *LIFE*. *LIFE* is the best we have, but it is, after all, a bundle of lost opportunities."



W. A. ROGERS.



C. ALLAN GILBERT.



ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD.



T. K. HANNA, JR.

And there are also moments when he heartily agrees with the *Morning Telegraph*:

"LIFE is at present not worth living, let alone reading."

But after all, should he be despised if at times, when battered and weary—but never discouraged—he dodges the bricks and mud, returns to a quiet corner and reads a thing like this?

"A paper edited by men who have the courage of their convictions and fearlessly stand for truth, justice and mercy."

What cares he, then, for the gentleman from Denver, who says:

"I have never read your bright paper till recently. It is a conspicuous example of fine abilities prostituted, and I am led to feel that your ancestry must include Tom Paine and Benedict Arnold, your relatives Bob Ingersoll and Aguinaldo, and your father must have been a copperhead and your mother a rattlesnake!"

And so, the "Pulse of Public Opinion" is still a-beating, sometimes with a gentle purr, and sometimes lifting us, chair and all, through the window and across the street.

Our Regular Advisers.

If LIFE were to follow the advice of each of his counselors, he would surely be inoffensive. Nobody would ever get hit. But it sometimes happens that the harder we try to be good the greater is our offence. Perhaps the reader of these lines has had occasion, in his life, to tell a pointed story to a dozen of his friends. If, in his folly, he told his story, not to a selected dozen, but to the first twelve he encountered, regardless of age, sex, color, political or religious bias, he would expect results.

Let him increase that indiscriminate dozen to a hundred thousand and he can guess at the contents of some letters we receive, and he will begin to understand why the blush of shame on the editorial cheek comes harder than in early youth. Apropos of which it may not be amiss to narrate a trivial episode—my interview with

The Boston Lady of Austere Morality.



Nearly a dozen years ago we published a cartoon by Mr. Gibson representing an American father at the play, regarding with obvious enjoyment a stage well covered with girls, all attired in the customary costume of the vaudeville stage.

Immediately following the appearance of that picture the letters began to come.

A wail of horror and indignation arose from countless readers. So far as we could judge, we had outraged every sense of propriety; we had corrupted the youth of America and smashed the family hearth to atoms. Emphatic were these letters, and so numerous, that I began to think Mr. Gibson and myself were unfit to hold communion with clean-minded people. Again and again, that week, I studied the cartoon and tried in vain to discover its immorality; for, surely, if our sense of decency was so blunted as to prevent even a realization of our sin, we could not be trusted to prevent its recurrence.



F. T. RICHARDS.



W. L. JACOBS.

It is painful to realize that one's mind is so coarse and one's perceptions so dull that the only course is to throw up your job. In full enjoyment of these reflections I was sitting at my desk one morning, the wicked cartoon before me, when the Punctilious Boston Lady of Stern Morality was announced. After some conversation on other matters, she remarked, with indications of an inward struggle between a desire to be civil and a righteous spirit in revolt:

"You will pardon my saying it, but I confess to a most unpleasant surprise in this week's number."

Involuntarily I turned my eyes toward the damning sheet upon the desk beside me, and with a smile, half brazen, half apologetic—such a smile as disfigures the face of the hardened burglar when he is caught with the silver in his hands—I replied, "Yes, we seem to have surprised many of our readers this week."

"I am not easily shocked," she continued, her chin a little higher than before, "but I was hardly prepared for such a disgusting picture in a paper that valued its reputation."

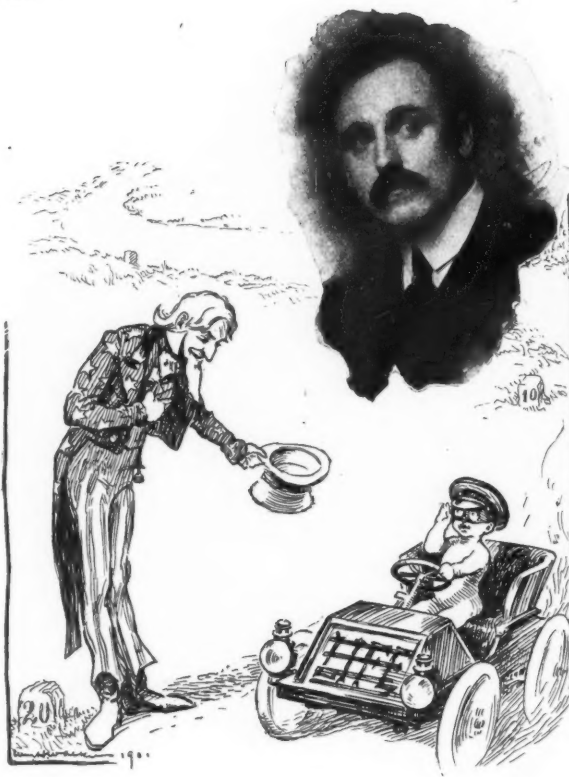
This was clear. But I held on to my smile. Mechanically I raised the copy of *LIFE* from the desk, so that the corrupting picture was before us both, and said:

"It certainly is unfortunate as it turns out."

"I don't mean that drawing," she replied. "That is innocent enough. I mean the one on the cover."

The drawing on the cover showed a portly gentleman with an enormous waist asking his fiancée to come to his heart. The girl in the picture alludes to an obstacle in the way—or something to that effect.

"That one!" I exclaimed. "Why, nobody has complained of



WM. H. WALKER.

that!" And again I displayed the wicked cartoon. "This is the bad one."

"Not at all. There is nothing in that to disturb the purest mind; whereas the drawing on the cover is offensively coarse—disgusting!"

"But this is the one of which so many of our readers are complaining. No one has mentioned the other."

"Then I can only say that many of your readers have most peculiar standards of propriety."

And we all agreed with her.

Paying the Piper.

Of course we have had some fun; our share of it, perhaps. The Matrimonial Agency, for instance, six years ago, yielded richly to the acre. But with it came stings of remorse.

It should be stated, incidentally, that we abhor the practical joke; and for the practical joker, those words that adequately express our opinion are unfit to print.

Our "Matrimonial Agency" consisted in publishing portraits of two or more men and women every week, setting forth their advantages as husbands and as wives. We did not suppose our "Agency" would be taken seriously. And in justice to our own countrymen, we must say that few Americans were deceived. From abroad, however, we began to receive letters. Some enclosed money as a guarantee of good faith, and indicated the portrait with whose original they wished to be placed in immediate communication. These suitors—always men—set forth their advantages of birth and personal appearance, for of money they were



GUS DIRKS.

always short. The faces that caused this eagerness were of young and pretty women, upon all of whom, LIFE, with reckless liberality, had bestowed alluring fortunes. The suitors, as a rule, were British, with one or two Frenchmen and Italians. Of the few Americans who responded, one was a gentleman of sixty-five or seventy who called in person at the office. When, in answer to his inquiries, Mr. Metcalfe—more embarrassed, perhaps, than the suitor himself—explained in the gentlest and most delicate terms that the heiresses were fictitious, the suitor showed disappointment—and confusion. He pulled himself together, however, and hastened to explain that he had called in the interest of another person, etc.; and he hurried away.

But, of all, the most difficult to answer was a young officer in a distant army who sent, with a very long letter, a five-pound note with his portrait. He was poor; but among his relatives were titled people. The letter, like his face, was simple, sensible, and frank. If we would give him our personal guarantee that the heiress whose face he liked was *comme il faut*, he wished to marry her. Of the honesty of the letter no doubt was possible. In returning his money and his photograph, we returned also his letter, that he might destroy, with his own hands, all evidence of our guilt and his own innocence. The

practical joker being, in our own opinion, the very lowest form of animal life, my task in explaining the situation to him was exquisitely painful. Awkward for him, but worse for me, as he had thrown himself trustingly on LIFE's honor, paid his money, and relied upon our advice.

In the Sanctum.

Of the four men who labor in the sanctum, Martin, Metcalfe, Masson and myself, I could tell things. But I dare not. Eulogy is easy and there seems no call for abuse. The bare facts would be dull, especially as most of our readers are already familiar with

them. For most of our readers know that LIFE's editorials are written by Mr. Martin; that Mr. Metcalfe is responsible for the dramatic column—along with other matter—and that Mr. Masson is the literary editor and a constant contributor. And in the concoction of ideas Mr. Gibson and Mr. Walker must also take their share.

As for Mr. Martin, I would describe him, roughly, as a sheet-anchor of LIFE, a rudder, a safety valve, and pennant. He is also ballast, and considerable fuel. Mr. Martin's intimacy with LIFE dates from prehistoric times—from those misty, chaotic days before Number One

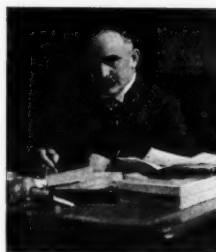


E. S. MARTIN.

was issued; those days when authors and artists drew back in terror at the mention of the Unborn Thing—and fled. He and I together brought the first number into the world, and our own contributions to it were more than liberal. Since that day the editorials in LIFE have been written by Mr. Martin. One should speak modestly of his own paper, but this must be said: that the honesty of LIFE's editorials has never been questioned; that they are high in purpose, clean in spirit, and always for charity and justice; that they have accomplished more toward the moral success of the paper than anything else in its pages.

And for this all credit belongs to the man who writes them.

It was Mr. Andrew Miller, LIFE's business manager from the very beginning, who faced every known form of discouragement in those early days, and lent a strong hand in getting the tottering babe upon his feet.



ANDREW MILLER.

No single individual in this establishment enjoys richer opportunities for alienating friends than Mr. Metcalfe. Members of "The Profession" are not, as a rule, deficient in sensitiveness, and the highway of Truth will be a pleasanter

road to travel for dramatic critics when the actor ceases to accept the highest praise as his obvious due and all adverse comment as personal spite.

The unclean and devious alleys of the Theatrical Trust Mr. Metcalfe has illumined with an unwelcome, persistent light. This Trust is simply a blight; but on a



J. S. METCALFE.



TOM MASSON.





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LIFE HOLDS THE BR



OLDS THE BRIDGE.



WILL CRAWFORD.

splendid scale. Its tyranny and its sodden avarice are fully appreciated only by its victims. Against this thing, this colossal vampire of the American Stage, Mr. Metcalfe has made—and is still making—the kind of fight that takes no backward step. It is a fight for a principle—and for the dignity and honor of dramatic art.

Those readers of LIFE who derive enjoyment from his pages are beholden, largely, to the baby of the family—that is, to Mr. Masson. He is comparatively modern; the youngest of us all, his birth having occurred within the memory of men now living. He superintends LIFE's diet. He selects what shall go into him.

And this is far less playful than it sounds, for LIFE tries to be particular

In the little picture, here alongside, he is having fun, dropping a manuscript into the waste-basket. But the picture is misleading, for the field of humor is a hard one to hoe; there are so few good potatoes to the hill! And nothing on this terrestrial globe is sadder than a merry jest that falls in its merriment. Mr. Masson, in his labors of discovery and selection; in boiling and expansion; in polishing and readjustment; in doctoring metre and soothing outraged feelings, does a hard day's work, now and then, and the look upon his face is less serene than here depicted. The other day he was carrying

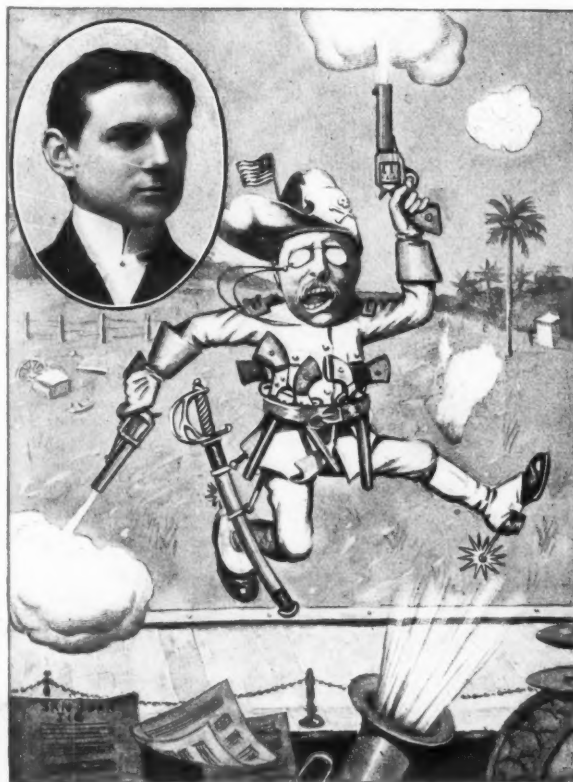
a little volume of Job in his pocket to read in the cars. He is also addicted to Shakespeare, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and fellows of that sort. I think he takes

J. B. KERFOOT.
"The Latest Books."

IN THE SANCTUM.

them as an antidote to a great deal that he tastes in sifting LIFE's food.

We are a happy family. And in periods of abuse and strife there is consolation in numbers. Hence, dear Reader, if in LIFE's pages you see something that offends you



C. H. EBERT.





T. S. SULLIVANT.



O. TOASPERN.



HENRY HUTT.

beyond your power of silence—and if you blame me in person, you will find, perhaps, that I will lay it upon Masson; that Masson will attribute it to Metcalfe, and that Metcalfe may hide behind Martin.

Thus we all have our uses.

To one who has never tried, it might seem something of an undertaking to guide the morals of a world and throw the light of Truth upon every folly. But such matters, with LIFE, are side issues. Beside scaring the wicked, encouraging the good, and bringing cheer and comfort to mankind in general, LIFE gives a two weeks' outing in the country, every summer, to about two thousand children of the poor.

And so, while the poet Gay may have spoken truly, he did not tell all in saying,

"Life is a jest."

J. A. Mitchell.



Progress.

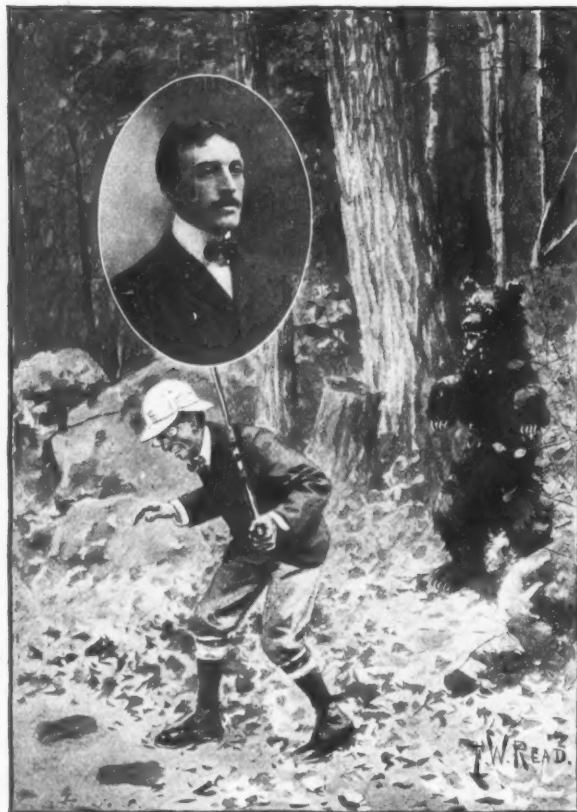
FOR the tallow dip the electric light.
 But the world is scarcely made more bright.
 The power press for the old hand press,
 But the power of the press was never less.

The Slaughter of the Innocents.

THE British Government admits officially that in its concentration camps in South Africa there died, in the month of October, two thousand six hundred and thirty-three Boer children, and in November, two thousand two hundred and seventy-one children. Truly a noble sacrifice to preserve the mining investments of Messrs. Rhodes, Beit, Barnato, *et al.*

These lives might have been saved if the Boer women and children had been sent to the coast instead of being kept in the camps in the interior along the lines of communication between the Cape and the British armies in the field. But if the women were taken away from the lines of communication the Boer fighters might cut off the supplies of the British heroes, who find the Boer women's petticoats a strong barricade against disaster. And besides, every Boer child that dies in these camps means one less Boer fighter or mother of fighters in the future. This war of extermination against women and children adds new lustre to British arms and new glory to British bravery.

There are no women and children among the Boer prisoners in



F. W. READ.



ALBERT LEVERING.

Bermuda. The prisoners there have been separated as widely as possible from their homes and families. To these poor creatures LIFE, through the generosity of its readers, has been able to send one hundred and seventy pounds of smoking tobacco to solace their long hours of imprisonment. This may seem a large quantity of smoking material, but it means less than a half-ounce to each prisoner. Contributions for this purpose to the time of going to press are:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$47.02
J. A. C.....	5.00
T. G. M., Chillicothe, O.....	50.00
	\$102.02

"I WONDER who this man is who wants to know whether or not life is worth living."

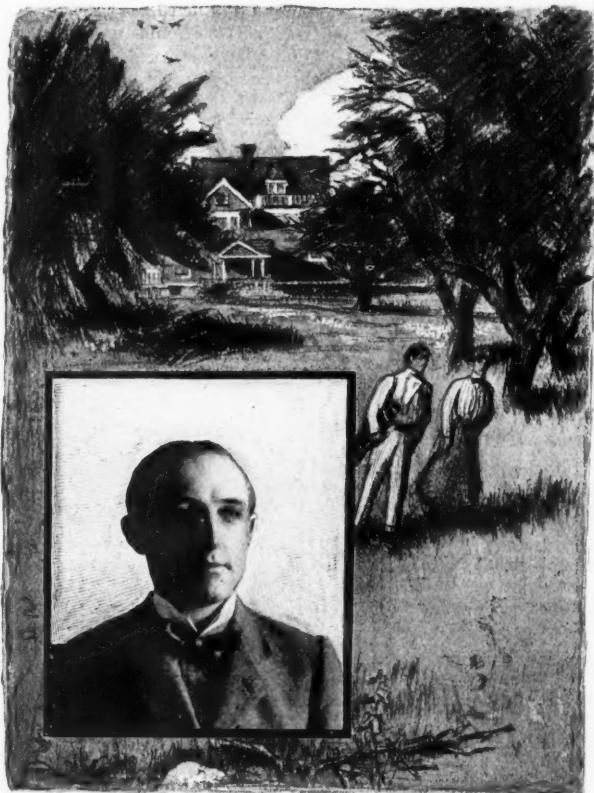
"Oh, probably some fellow who has more money than he knows what to do with."

WAR is sport for somebody, or there would be no war.

Inevitable.

VON BLUMER: How are you getting on in New York?

THE BILLIONAIRE: Oh, we don't expect to "arrive" for a year. It takes about that time to shake the undesirable people you know when you first move in.



BAYARD JONES.

Patriotism.

ONCE upon a time there lived a very patriotic People, who put in most of their time worrying about their Country.

"Is our navy commensurate with our territorial importance?" they asked themselves, and, the doubt being confirmed, built many ships.

But one day they made a very disagreeable discovery.

"Our territorial importance is not commensurate with our navy!" they exclaimed, and, facing the situation candidly, grabbed more land.

This shows that up-to-date Patriotism is, even in its subjective aspect, no Pudding.

IF possible, let no wealth be got through oppression; but if it must be got through oppression, by all means let it be got by consecrated men.

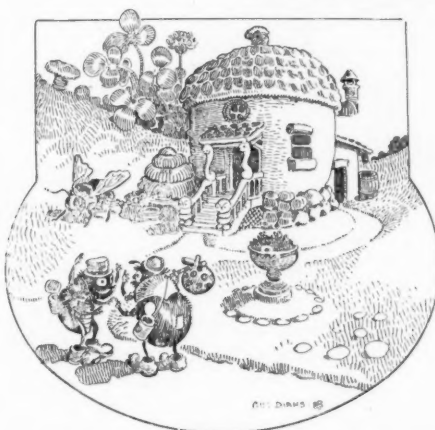


OTHO CUSHING.

Reminiscences.

HE: Ah, those days of our young love! You remember that afternoon you promised to meet me, and didn't come? How I raved!

SHE: Just like a man! And there was I suffering agonies trying on that dress you liked so much.



Hobo Bug: COME ON, WEARY, DON'T BE SCARED. THAT'S ONE OF THEM DOGS WHOSE BUZZ IS WORSE THAN HIS STING.

To C. D. Gibson.

SOME construct cathedrals,
Empires, sonnets, jokes;
You, ingenious Gibson,
Manufacture—folks.

Through your pencil's magic
Girls are growing tall,
Modeled on your drawings,
Haughty looks and all.

Faithfully their lovers
Follow copy too—
Tall, blasé, athletic,
Best the lads can do.

Haughtiness and ennui,
Gibson, I'll forgive:
Keep on drawing giants,
Giants that will live!

Guerdon of your labors
Amplify worth the while,
This: that strength's in fashion,
And good health the style!

Amos R. Wells.

A Bourgeois Ballade.

*This is but a simple jangle,
Telling how one free from guile
Got into a fearful tangle
Thro' a skipping-rope and smile.*



*Philip with some
pies was tripping.*

DORIS was a butcher's daughter,
Slender, tall, and fair to see,
With a smile her mother taught her

In her tender infancy.

Philip's father was a pieman,
Famous for his buns and cakes,
But a rusty, crusty Timon—
Such as Nature seldom bakes.

Philip with some pies was tripping
On an errand, when he first

Saw the smiling Doris skipping
Rope with links of *wiener-wurst*.



Saw the smiling Doris skipping.

Faster flew her feet and faster,
Philip's heart beat pitapat,
(Love, the trickster; Love, the master,
Was responsible for that.)

From that day throughout the seasons
Philip husbanded his pay;
(But, for sentimental reasons,
Versified his time away.)

Till, when he had safely gathered
Twenty nickels in his store,
He reflected that his father'd
Better know ere he did more



Sir, I come to find your daughter.

"I've some news to tell you, Papa,"
Bashful Philip meekly said;
"For I think it only proper
You should know I mean to wed."

Loudly jeered the cruel parent,
Sneering "Pish!" and likewise "Tush!"
"Why, you ne'er-do-well, you daren't;
Who'll supply your milk and mush?"

Simply answering his sire,
"Never fear, I've funds to burn,"
Philip left him ere his ire
Took a more abusive turn.

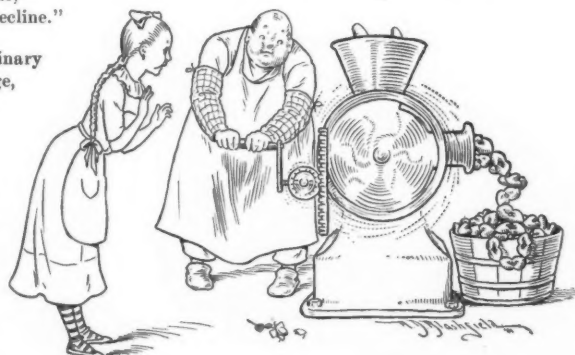
Left him and proceeded straightway
To the burly butcher's store,
Found him leaning in the gate-way,
With his apron steeped in gore.

"Well, my little man, what is it?
Cutlets, ruffled grouse, or lamb?
Whence the pleasure of this visit?
Sweetbreads, *leber-wurst*, or ham?"

"Sir, I come to find your daughter;
Come to find and make her mine—
Feeling if I once besought her,
She could ne'er my love decline."

Harshly laughed the sanguinary
Villain worthy of the stage,
Till a sudden fancy merry
Dissipated quite his rage.

"Step within and see my daughter,
Suitor blithe and debonaire,
Speak the message you have brought her,
You'll receive her answer there."



Joyfully, our Philip entered,
(Simple soul, devoid of guile!)
Thinking that creation centered
In the charming maiden's smile.

"Lovely fairy," cried he loudly,
"Take a trusting pieboy's heart.
I will guard you, O so proudly!
Let us never, never part!"

But—the while our hero's cup is
Running o'er with rapture sweet—
"Let him join the other puppies,"
Smiled his Doris; "it is meet!"



*Philip left him ere his ire
Took a more abusive turn.*

Then the rash, tempestuous tyrant
(Never was a man so mean!)
Thrust the overbold aspirant
In his sausage-meat machine.

Philip's gone—yes, gone before us,
And his soul's at rest, I hope;
Tho' the ever-smiling Doris
Has a brand-new skipping-rope!

J. H. Holliday.

A Heap of Scrap Steel

"Jupiter Steel" is not made up of absolutely new material, but refines and regenerates, as it were, scrap steel that has outlived its usefulness. By this process of alchemy a worn-out boiler plate or a broken fly-wheel becomes keen-edged axes or swiftly moving steamboat walking beams and begins again an important existence. The manufacturers from whom scrap steel is bought receive it again as tools, shafting and machinery. For the first time supply and demand are brought close together



The material from which "Jupiter Steel" is made.

in this respect in New England. So successful has the venture proved that the United States Steel Company has found it necessary to increase its plant. Ground has already been broken for an addition to the buildings amounting to fifty per cent. of the present plant. While this addition of 100 feet to our plant means a total of 300 feet, still our General Manager, a competent steel expert, advises further additions. The following letter to our Board of Directors explains the situation exactly:

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 11, 1901.

UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: I have your esteemed favor of November 9, requesting my opinion as to the advisability of increasing our present plant.

The situation briefly is as follows: With our plant at Everett we are so overrun with unsolicited business that we are constantly in danger of displeasing our customers by delay in filling orders. This condition will be partially improved as soon as our addition of 100 x 130 feet now under way is completed, and the new fifteen-ton crane in position. While this means a total of 300 feet in length for the main foundry, I am of the opinion that it should be immediately increased to 500 feet to fill the orders that the mere knowledge of our capacity would bring to us.

But there is another field for Jupiter Steel not yet touched by our Company, which would be a very profitable one. There is a large demand in New England for heavy steel rolls in roller mills and rubber factories. These rolls weigh from 1,000 to 20,000 pounds apiece, and we have already turned away many orders on account of being so full of other business. The making of these rolls by day and the pouring of steel billets at night would easily take up the capacity of another complete plant, the duplicate of our present one of a length of 500 feet.

I believe that both of the above additions should be built immediately, and would greatly increase your dividends. You have a splendid location, with unexcelled railroad and water facilities, for the growth of a plant equal to those plants with which I have been connected and to which you refer.

Very truly yours,

Engine Edwards

General Manager.

The above is the advice of a successful and practical steel manufacturer who found it to his advantage to leave the Midvale Steel Co. to improve his position and identify himself with the steel-casting department of the General Electric Co. as Superintendent, officiating with such for six years. From the latter connection he considered it to his interest to associate himself with the United States Steel Co. as General Manager, realizing the great superiority of our product. This should be sufficient evidence of the vast strides and advance of Jupiter Steel Castings.

After long deliberation we agree with our General Manager that it is to our advantage to immediately enlarge our works to the extent recommended, to take care of the New England business that is legitimately ours, and for construction will sell 40,000 of the 230,000 shares now remaining in our Treasury, at par, FIVE DOLLARS per share, full paid, non-assessable, and drawing full regular quarterly dividends of 3 per cent. (12 per cent. per annum), the next being payable January 27, 1902. It has been our experience that this opportunity will not long be open, as our previous offerings have invariably been over-subscribed, the last by some \$25,000, which we are now filling from this block, and deem it advisable that you give our investment your prompt attention.

The United States Steel Company has been paying for the past two years quarterly dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum on all its outstanding stock, and it is expected that this dividend rate will be increased as soon as we can enlarge our plant at Everett, Mass.

Our foreign patents, now being negotiated, show conclusively a source of dividends equal to the entire capitalization of the Company. As a rule, stock in well managed manufacturing companies is generally bought up by those in some way connected with their management and the outsider has little chance except at a high premium and a correspondingly low profit. But this is an unusual opportunity for people of limited means to secure an investment already paying a large income, an opportunity such as is usually offered to capitalists only, and the man with a few hundred dollars gets a chance. In this connection it will be noted that the *Scientific American* published an article on Jupiter Steel, illustrated, on the first page of the edition of October 12, and described in the following pages. This was very flattering to us, and we consider it the best indorsement that Jupiter Steel has ever received.

To those who are interested a copy of the same, with a full prospectus of the Company and a record of what has been accomplished in the past two years, will be mailed on application. Preference will be given to subscriptions in the order of their receipt. All accepted subscriptions will draw the full regular quarterly dividend of 3 per cent., payable January 27, 1902.

One view of the present plant (200 x 130) at Everett, Mass., a suburb of Boston, where the Company owns seventy-four acres of land, having both rail and water facilities. On this land a modern plant, 200 x 130 feet, has been built, provided with electric cranes, furnaces, drying ovens, gas producers, boilers, engine, dynamos, sand blast, crucible plant, finishing machines, offices, etc.

A cordial invitation to inspect the plant at Everett is extended to all who are looking for a safe and legitimate investment. Those who cannot do this will have any information desired sent to them promptly upon application to the Boston office, 186 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass. Make all checks, drafts or money orders payable to the



One view of the present plant (200 x 130) at Everett, Mass.

United States Steel Company, 186 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.



LOVE A LA MODE.

(A Monologue.)

HE—

Dear Hilda, think of by-gone days
When locomotion was so slow,
And balky Dobbin pulled the chaise—
How much we modern people know
About the horseless carriage

(How provoking! If you'll excuse me one moment I'll fix that nut!)

—why

How obsolete their method seems;
And as I work this motor, I
Do realize my fondest dreams.
Just see how carefully expert
I am. This little handle which—

(I won't be a second this time—just a little oil in this valve! Oh, hang it! my fingers are full of gasoline—No, keep your handkerchief—it's all right now.)

I turn when feeling like a spurt
Around this asphalt corner. Rich
And lazy men, they say, alone
Adopt this horseless carriage fad.
But I maintain—

(Phew! That child had a narrow escape! I guess we'd better not go so fast, Hilda. I'll have it fixed this time before you know it—just sit up there—you haven't a monkey wrench about you—oh, of course not—well, it'll hold till we get home.)

—that if you own

An inexpensive one, no bad

Results will follow—

(I knew that wheel was loose when we came out, and I was

a blithering idiot to forget that monkey wrench—I'm awfully sorry this happened—I suppose you'd better get out, dear—Now won't you please look under the frame and see that I don't put my hand on the wrong valve—that's the idea—you'd make a bully machinist. It's only a makeshift, but suppose it's the best we can do—Get in.)

—dearest dear,

When I control the horses thus

I then eliminate a fear

Or cause for

(This is the limit! Of all fiendish devices it is this particular make of motor carriage. Now the kind equipped with the electric battery is, in my opinion, vastly superior to these insane gasoline creatures, that reek with the smell of oil and are really not fit to take a lady out in. Of course, in time all these minor defects will be remedied, and we shall achieve the proper kind of vehicle. I doubt if that blame wheel will hold again—but we'll make a try. All aboard, love)

—raising any fuss;

And yet, I took the present ride
That I may tell you that I love
You better, Oh my dearest pride,
Than anything that lives above
This sordid earth. Since you return
My 'love, why, let us no more roam
Along this street, but straightway turn
The corner and

(It's no use, we'll have to leave it here; it won't go another inch; I believe its days of usefulness are over—poor old unwieldy contrivance—and, as for being provoking, I believe it excels everything ever conceived in the crazy brain of man since the creation of the world—and these infantile aristocrats

that call themselves expert chauffeurs of these diabolical inventions should be put under the wheels and carved in half by their own ridiculous demon. Oh, d—! Oh, I beg your pardon, Hilda, I forgot myself.)

—in smiles go home.

—Punch Bowl.

MR. WHISTLER was a guest at a dinner given by John Sargent, the well-known portrait painter. The little artist dined royally and was very merry. After dinner he asked Sargent if he might be excused while he wrote an important note that had slipped his mind.

"Certainly, certainly," replied Sargent; "you will find ink and writing materials in the small room at the head of the stairs—help yourself."

"Thanks," said Whistler, and disappeared. Presently the other guests were startled by hearing a series of bumps, ending in a heavy thud at the foot of the stairs. Whistler had tripped, lost his balance, and fallen in a heap. Sargent rushed out, picked him up, and anxiously asked if he was hurt.

"Hurt?" said Whistler, rubbing his head; "well, I'm not dead, if that's what you mean; but tell me, who built those stairs?"

Sargent mentioned the name of a builder unknown to Whistler or to fame.

"He did, did he?" said Whistler. "The d— teetotaler!"

—Hartford Courant.

FIRST CHAUFFEUR: Have any bad luck during your trip yesterday?

SECOND CHAUFFEUR: Oh, I ran over a man, but I don't think I hurt the machine any.—Ohio State Journal.

The Ideal 20th Century The H. & R. Hammerless Weapon Revolver



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Makers of H. & R. Single Guns.
Catalog for Postal. Dept. 4. Worcester, Mass.

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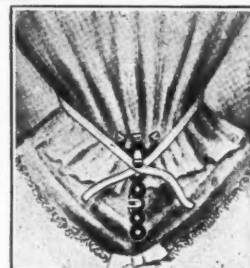
Extends the waist line of short and stout women, and gives added elegance to the long-waisted woman. Does away absolutely with all pinning of shirt waist, belt, and skirts, and can be adjusted in a minute. It makes dressing a pleasure rather than a torture; after using it you would not be without one for ten times its cost. Recommended by the most fashionable dressmakers. Manufactured in Brass, 35 cents; Oxidized and Nickel, 35 cents.

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Agents wanted.

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from all winter
chaps.*

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LIFE.



REIGN OF THE ROOSEVELT BOYS.

No more do correspondents wise
In Washington, D. C.,
Write column after column on
The Congress that will be.
No more they pen impressive words
About the Senate's poise;
Instead, they give us yards about
The little Roosevelt boys.

Instead of reading China's woes
Because she has to pay,
We thrill because the youngest lad
"Rode his new wheel to-day."
No gossip of postmasterships
Our daily news alloys,
But there is wondrous stuff about
The little Roosevelt boys.

"They took a walk"; "they stayed at home";
"They rode out in a bunch";
"They played baseball"; "they went to school";
"They had mince-pie for lunch";
It must be gay in Washington;
There must be lots of noise,
If all the items are correct
About the Roosevelt boys.

—Baltimore American.

A TINY girl of seven gave a dinner party the other day, for which twelve covers were laid, and that number of small

maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the little hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to it, to do everything as it should be done.

"Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?"

"No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."

That meant one ceremony the less to be gone through and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it. So, as they gathered about the table, she explained:

"Mamma says that this is such an informal dinner that we need not have grace to-day."—Baltimore Sun.

"Come along wid me to the hall," said Mr. Herlthy to his neighbor, Mr. Nolan, "There's going to be a free lecture, and the subject is 'The Fall of Man'; it's free to ivery wan."

"I dunno as I care to lave me own home the night," said Mr. Nolan, who sat gloomily nursing a bandaged arm. "If it's falls from horses he's talking about, I'm niver likely to have wan, for lack of money; and if it's falls from annything else, from bicycles to ladders, I don't need to go near him to learn about thim. Me last was down the cellar stairs, and I'm thinking I'll kape to home while ricollection is frish in me mind!"—Youth's Companion.

SPEAKING of sympathetic strikes the other day, Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, told of one that he conducted when only a boy working on the farm: "The force of hands had dwindled to two, a fellow

named Joe and me. The farmer decided to discharge the other fellow, whereupon Joe suggested that I should stop work also, leaving the farmer in a fix. This I did. I went out on a sympathetic strike; but the result was that the farmer hired Joe back again, and I was left out in the cold."

—Argonaut.

At a school in Kent an inspector was examining a class of children in arithmetic, when the inspector asked the following question:

"Now, John, supposing I gave you two rabbits and another kind friend gave you one more, how many would you have?"

JOHN: Four, sir.

INSPECTOR: No, my boy, two and one don't make four.

JOHN (quickly): Please, sir, I've got one old lop-eared 'un at home.—London Spare Moments.

THEY asked the visiting Englishwoman what she thought of New York.

"I think it will be charming—when it is finished," said the Englishwoman.—New York Evening Sun.

THE extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinaman of forty years, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends.

"Why do you weep?" he was asked.

"Alas, things are not as they used to be," answered the devoted son. "The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"—Sporting Times.

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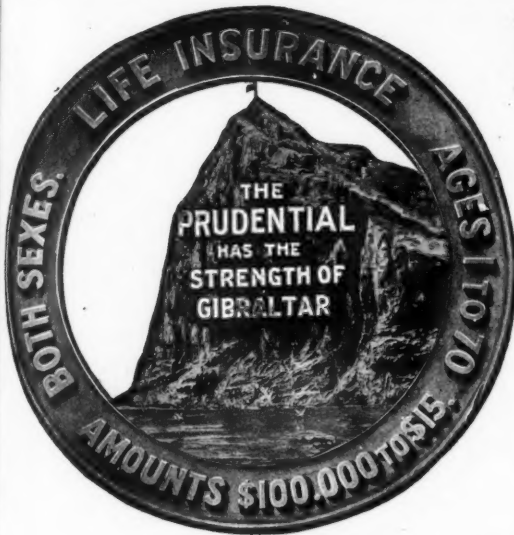
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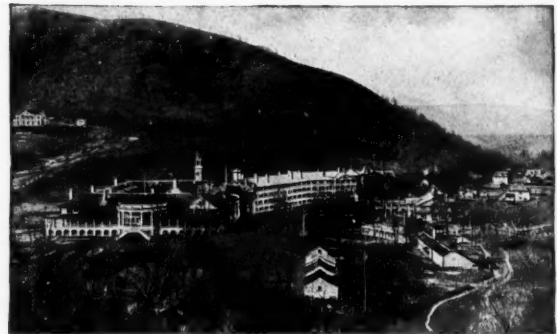
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· LIFE ·



"Yes," said the Fairy Prince, "you may have whatever you want for a Christmas present."

"I will choose," said the Fortunate Person, "either a wife or an automobile."

"How foolish!" exclaimed the Fairy Prince. "Why do you not select something that you can manage?"

—Baltimore American.

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RETURNED TROOPER: Clara, you were engaged to me, and yet I hear that while I was at the front you went out often with that old admirer of yours, Bob Cudelsby.

CLARA: Oh, George, he was so thoughtful, and I was so anxious, that he took me every night to the—er—war office—to see—er—if you were killed!—London Answers.

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SHE: I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you.
HE: That has been my custom.

—Sacred Heart Review.

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—Chicago News.

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—Philadelphia Press.

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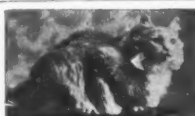
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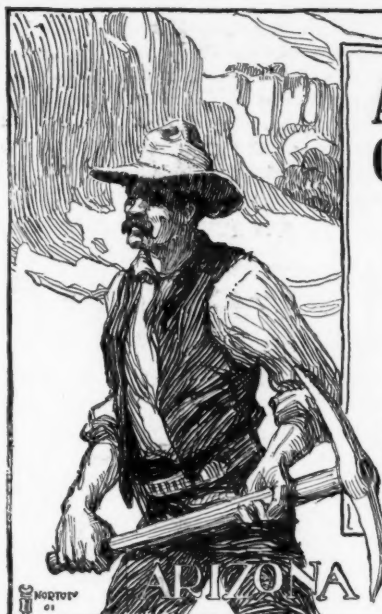
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